

Anderson Intelligencer.

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Liberal contracts will be made with those wishing to advertise for three, six or twelve months. Advertising by contract must be confined to the immediate business of the firm or individual contracting.
Obituary Notices exceeding five lines, Tributes of Respect, and all personal communications or matters of individual interest, will be charged for at advertising rates. Announcements of marriages and deaths, and notices of a religious character, are respectfully solicited, and will be inserted gratis.
Under no circumstances will an advertisement be received for insertion in our reading columns.
An undeviating rule is to require Five Dollars in advance for the announcement of every candidate for office.

Wild Western Scenes.

The Chicago Times is responsible for this story of a remarkable encounter between a very large man and a very small one, in which the latter came off victorious, viz:
It was a very funny scene, and had just enough of the revolver in it to give it spice and make it interesting. Yesterday afternoon he was standing in front of the Gault House, picking his teeth—a very diminutive fellow not above five feet high, and as thin as a last year's bean pole. To add to his attenuated appearance, he sported the weakest of blond moustaches, and wore a very tight fitting pair of pantaloons. The other man—for it takes two to make a scene—came lumbering along the sidewalk, and was a good deal bothered by its width. He had just passed into the jolly mood and entered upon the shaking stage. He was a six-footer, of magnificent breadth of shoulder, like a prize ox, and pendant from them hung a pair of fists as big as a sledge hammer.
From the corner of Clinton Street to about the centre of the building he stopped three strangers and gave a thorough handshaking before they seemed to comprehend what the matter was. He was very good-natured about it though, meant no one any harm, and if his grizzly clasp resulted in lame fingers to the other party he was not to blame, for himself it did not hurt in the least. A sudden lurch of the sidewalk brought him face to face with our small friend, and when he had thoroughly balanced himself he gazed upon him as if unable to make up his mind.
The question that bothered him was, should he shake hands with this Lilliputian. He seemed to think that it was, in a measure, beneath his dignity—the fellow was so very little but finally his better nature conquered, and he extended his paw. But the little gentleman refused to take it, and even turned up the lip that served as a ground work for the blond moustache. Neither spoke a word, and both were evidently determined not to have any words about it, being men of action.
The tall one drew back a step, regarded the little fellow in an amused way for a moment, and then stepped smilingly forward again determined to shake the right hand before him or die in the attempt. He reached for it, but missed his grasp, as it was put quickly behind the back. This affront brought color into both faces, and led to a slight struggle, during which the little fellow took occasion to draw a revolver, and quietly held it under his adversary's nose.
The latter looked at it in astonishment, gazed down the barrel with the eye of an expert, and slowly drew back. The little fellow thereupon returned the weapon to his pocket and continued to pick his teeth as if nothing had occurred.
The big one, standing off a couple of yards, gazed at the little one in an inexpressible sort of way, vainly endeavoring to solve some muddle in his mind, and finally, shaking his head, walked toward the bridge. He had only proceeded to the alley that divides the block, however, when he came to a halt; looked back—the little fellow was still picking his teeth—and sat down on the edge of the sidewalk in the mud. For a half a minute he was lost in a brown study, his head almost bent down between his knees. Then he arose and retraced his steps. He approached the little one, braced every nerve for a spring and a struggle, and launched at him. But he stopped midway to the bound, so it seemed, and in the effort to throw himself backward lost his feet, and came down heavily in the slush. He had been looking down the barrel of that revolver again.
Neither had yet spoken a word, and as the tall one arose he returned to his seat on the curb like a prize-fighter to his corner. He sat for several minutes, rose, and again advanced wearily toward the Lilliputian only to have the revolver thrust in his face again.
The last time this action seemed to break his heart, and he blubbered like a child, while the little fellow, with a look of the utmost contempt on his face, stepped inside the hotel.
His fearful visage collected a large and sympathetic crowd about him, who picked him up, questioned, only to be answered, "The little cuss wouldn't shake; darn the little cuss, he wouldn't shake."

EATING WITHOUT AN APPETITE.—It is wrong to eat without an appetite, for it shows there is no gastric juice in the stomach, and that nature does not need food, and not needing it, it remains there only to putrify, the very thought of which should be sufficient to deter any man from eating without an appetite for the remainder of his life. If a tonic is taken to whet the appetite it is a mistaken course, for its only result is to cause one to eat more, when already an amount has been eaten beyond what the gastric juice is able to prepare.
The object to be obtained is a larger supply of gastric juice, not a large supply of food; and whatever fails to have any efficiency towards the cure of dyspeptic diseases. The formation of gastric juice is directly proportioned to the wear and tear of the system, which it is to be the means of supplying, and this wear and tear can only be the result of exercise. The efficient remedy for dyspepsia is work—out-door work—beneficial and successful in direct proportion as it is agreeable, interesting and profitable.—Hall's Journal of Health.

The bright spots of a man's life are few enough without blotting any out; and since for a moment of mirth we have an hour of sadness, it were a sorry policy to diminish the few rays that illumine our chequered existence. Life is an April day—sunshine and showers. The heart, like the earth, would cease to yield good fruit were it not sometimes watered with the tears of sensibility, and the fruit would be worthless but for the sunshine of smiles.

A Little About the Hindoos.

Before Abraham the patriarch was born, or the pyramids of Egypt were built, the Hindoos, a branch of the great Aryan family, had descended from their home near the Himalaya Mountains, and traveling Southward, many reached the valleys of the Ganges and the Ganges, conquering and enslaving some of the tribes that inhabited those regions, and driving out others, bestowing upon them such unpleasant names as "thieves," "black tribes," and "weak ones." To themselves, they gave the name of white; and not without much reason, for the tint of their skin is much lighter than that of the Rheels, Gonds and other tribes which surround them. Their heads are longer and more oval, their features are more regular, their bodies better proportioned, and many of their women of the higher castes, notwithstanding their dark complexion, are exquisitely beautiful.
When the Hindoos first entered upon the rich plains of India they were an energetic and warlike people; but the enervating climate, the despotism of their rulers, and the want of necessity for exertion in that fertile country changed them gradually into an indolent race, who hated motion and loved nothing so well as to dream away their lives. To illustrate their habitual laziness, it is only necessary to say that the farm laborers, when weeding the miserably cultivated crops, sit upon the ground and after leisurely clearing the space within reach, move on a little way, sit down and repeat the operation.
It is evident from the finding of an old wrought-iron pillar in India lately, that many centuries ago the Hindoos knew how to value and utilize a metal that is more precious to us than gold. They have long been skilled in various arts and manufactures, and the gold and silver brooches of Delhi were famous two thousand years ago. Some of their inland ware has been viewed through a magnifying glass of great power to reveal the minute pieces used in its manufacture; the furniture they make is elaborately carved, and the carpets they weave cannot be excelled in harmony of color. But this skill is not to be wondered at when we remember that from generation to generation the son has taken up the profession or trade of his father, the regulations of caste prohibiting the children from following any other occupation than that of their ancestors.
Every Hindoo prides himself upon the caste or class of society to which he belongs, even the Pariahs, or outcasts, considering their cooking utensils defiled if any one of another class has used or washed them. The Pariahs of old would not eat with unwashed hands, or from unclean vessels, but the Hindoos go still farther, and shun the breath of a garlic eater or brandy drinker as they would a pestilence, in which they show good taste, at least. The distinctions of caste are dying out, however, under the influence in India of the British government, which now holds in subjection this once powerful nation. And as the distinctions of caste die out, a better civilization is coming to the Hindoos, whose power to learn from their masters is very great.—Heath and Home.

A Man Who Doubts Almost His Own Identity.
The St. Louis Republican publishes an account of a trial involving a most marvelous question of identity now progressing in Court at Malone, Franklin county, New York. The story goes that Willis Peyton, a farmer, forty years of age, went South two years ago to peddle a patent spring bed, leaving his wife and several children, some of whom were well grown. At Terre Haute he spent some time, and after leaving that place he lost all consciousness, but after a time realized that he was in a hospital at Evansville, Indiana, recovering from small pox. He was then bald, and when he resumed his clothing every article appeared to have been made for a much smaller man. The pantaloons, which he recognized as his, were at least six inches too short. He could get no trace of his money, watch, model, spring bed, or other effects. When he was released from the hospital, he went to a friend who spurned him as an impostor. He looked in a mirror and doubted his own identity. He first thought of suicide, and his next thought was of home. The latter prevailed. On the way he was taken ill again, and once more all the world was a blank. He arrived at his own door after an absence of two years. Willis Peyton's family believed him dead. The Willis Peyton who had left that threshold two years before had light hair, nearly red, and a very scanty beard, and was thin in flesh. The Willis Peyton who knocked at the door was much taller, rounder, and had brown curly hair and a heavy beard. He knocked and was invited into the house of the "Widow Peyton," and took a seat. Looking at Mrs. Peyton, he said: "I suppose you don't know me, Addie?" She answered: "No, sir, I do not; who are you?" "The man burst into tears and said: "You'll not believe me, I know, when I tell you; but it's got to come some time, and might as well now as not. I am Willis Peyton." Mrs. Peyton shrank from him, ordered him out of doors, and two of her sons and a hired man took him to the nearest justice, who sent him to jail as a lunatic. He was first tried by a commission of lunacy, and was adjudged perfectly sane. He is now being tried before the surrogate on the questions of his pretensions, as the husband of Mrs. Peyton, and the owner of the Peyton property. He has shown marks on his person, related instances of his private family history, recalled circumstances in connection with old associates, all tending to prove the truth of his claim. And the "Widow Peyton" sits in the court room, by turns looking at the claimant to her bed and board, and crying as witness after witness across his belief that the strange man is Willis Peyton. She told her friends that if he was really Peyton he must have the farm, stock, and everything but herself. Sometimes during the passages of the trial he implores her to look again and see if she cannot recognize one feature and acknowledge him as her husband, but she refuses, and his earnest, appealing face suddenly becomes clouded by despair. He says if the suit terminates in his favor he will only ask a living of the farm, and will never intrude upon his wife and children, unless they voluntarily recognize him.

THE LATE JUSTICE NELSON.—A telegram from Cooperstown, N. Y., announces the death, on Saturday, of Hon. Samuel Nelson, ex-justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Judge Nelson was born in Hebron, Washington County, N. Y., November 10, 1792, of Irish descent. He graduated at Middlebury College, in Vermont, in 1813, studied law, and came to the bar of New York in 1817, and located in Cortland County, where he practiced his profession; in 1820 he was a presidential elector, and was a delegate to the State constitutional convention of 1821. In the same year he was appointed postmaster of Cortland; in 1823 he was made a State circuit judge, which position he held for eight years; in 1831 he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of the State; in 1837 he was made chief justice, and held the position until 1845, when he was appointed by President Tyler a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He received the degree of LL. D. from Middlebury College, Columbia College and Geneva College. He was distinguished as a scholar, a lawyer and a judge, and from his thorough knowledge of international law was selected in February, 1841, as a member of the joint high commission that prepared the treaty of Washington which settled the Alabama claims. In the latter part of 1872 he retired from his position under law, having served the requisite number of years, and being over the required age which entitled him to honorable retirement. He has been living in Cooperstown, N. Y., since that time.

—Mark Twain is honest. On being surprised by a toast at a dinner in London, recently, he pulled out a large roll of manuscript and proceeded to reply.

Ex-President Davis.

There are certain men in the South who take a special delight in decrying Mr. Davis. This is done generally in such a way as to escape public criticism, and thereby avoid the just censure and indignation of the people. He is damned with faint praise and belittled by comparisons that are odious and inapplicable. In a covert way, Mr. Davis is accused of intense egotism, inordinate vanity, implacable hates and strong attachments. His ability is denied and his arbitrary conduct, it is insinuated, hastened the downfall of the Confederacy. In striking contrast to this defamation of the fallen leader of the Confederacy, we find the following merited eulogium in an article in the Courier-Journal:
With a firmness of execution, indicating an honesty of purpose, he discharged his high duties, and the people appreciated him for it. Foote charges favoritism and obstinacy on him with more truth than most assertions he makes. Several instances of that were shown during the war. In the first days of the war, when it was our proud boast that one Southerner could whip five Yankees, and after the ill-omened victory at Manassas had inspired us with over confidence and nerved our adversaries to fresh effort, Albert Sidney Johnston was assailed with the most outrageous and abusive clamor by the Southern press because he fell back before the advancing foe, and the demand for his removal was ten thousand times repeated. This the President obstinately refused to do; and when the news of Shiloh was flashed throughout the land, it was met with a wail of woe from an entire people for the loss of a great General and a good man. When General Lee commenced his career as a Confederate officer by retreating across Virginia before Rosen-cranz, the same tumultuous clamor for his being removed or superseded was raised by the valorous stay-at-homes, and again the obstinacy of Mr. Davis saved to the country a General that all the world now delights to honor. The patient spirit of the indomitable Stonewall Jackson, ere he was known to fame, gave way before the rough assaults of the chimney-corner generals, and he demanded peremptorily that he might resign and be saved those humiliations; and once more the peculiar obstinacy and favoritism of the President saved to the country its greatest military genius. Out of sixty thousand appointees how few mistakes did he commit.
Faults he had, this President, but none to obscure his virtues; mistakes did he make, no doubt, but take him all in all, a most noble and gallant fight did he and his people wage against fearful odds, and failed to make the "lost cause" a success only because of circumstances which no mortal hand could have controlled.

DON'T BE INQUISITIVE.—"Here's yer nice roast chicken," cried an aged colored man as the cars stopped at a North Carolina railway station.
"Here's yer nice roast chicken'n' taters, all nice and hot," holding up his plate and walking the platform.
"Where did you get that chicken, uncle?" asked a passenger.
Uncle looks at the intruder sharply, and then turns away, crying:
"Here's yer nice roast chicken, gent'l'm'n, all hot; needn't go in the house for dat."
"Where did you get that chicken?" repeated the inquisitive passenger.
"Look-a-ye," says uncle, speaking privately, "is you from der Norf?"
"Yes."
"Is you a friend of the culled man?"
"I hope I am."
"Den don't you neber ask me whar I got dat chick'n again. Here's your nice roast chick'n, all hot."
The train started.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.
—When does a man impose upon himself? When he taxes his memory.
—Women as telegraph operators have proved a great success. They send the electric spark right through a fellow.
—A phrenologist told a man that he had combatively very largely developed, and was of a quarrelsome disposition. "That isn't so," said the man, angrily, "and if you repeat it I'll knock you down."
—An exchange gives two reasons why tin kettles should never be tied to dogs' tails. First, it is cruel to the dog; secondly, it frightens horses. Let us add a third—that it is damaging to the kettle.
—Knowledge, economy and labor are virtues of a civilized man; they form the most durable basis of society and the surest spring of individual welfare. Riches, consequently, are the fruit of knowledge, economy, and labor.
—A curious bore, learning that a young lady was going by railway to a distant town, asked, "What motive is taking you thither?" "I believe they call it a locomotive," was the innocent reply. The inquisitive stranger was extinguished.
—If you cannot be a great river, bearing vessels of blessings to the world, you can be a little spring in the dusty wayside of life, singing merrily all day and all night, and giving a cup of cold water to every thirsty one who passes by.
—A gentleman, in search of a man to do some work, met on his way a lady not as young as she once was, and asked her: "Can you tell me where I can find a man?" "No, I cannot," she replied, "for I have been looking these twenty years for one myself."
—An English scientist has discovered a fact important to farmers. It is that sulphate of lime appears to exercise a decided influence in arresting the spread of decay in potatoes affected by the potato disease. In one experiment the salt was dusted over some tubers, partly decayed from this cause when they were stored away. Some months afterward the potatoes were found to have suffered no further injury.

TALK PLAIN.

IT is as much of an impossibility for a Merchant to carry on his Business without MONEY, as it is for a Farmer or Mechanic to work without Tools. This is a plain fact, and we respectfully beg leave to urge our friends who are indebted to us for Supplies and Goods of any description to bear this in mind, and to come FORWARD PROMPTLY and settle their Bills and Notes. Cotton is at a low price just now, and there is a probability of its going lower; therefore, you run a great risk in holding, while you may make money by selling now. It would be much more to our advantage to pay the Planter 20 cts. for his Cotton, (provided we could be safe in so doing,) than to give him the present prices. But you know we cannot have things our way.
The Notes you gave us for SIMS' WAGONS are now falling due, and our instructions from the Factory is to urge prompt payment according to your promise.
Our Stock of Goods is new and complete, and for Cash or Cotton we will sell cheaper than Goods have been sold in Anderson since the War. Prove us by our works, and come see for yourselves.
Shoal Creek Factory Yarn and Sims' Wagons on hand and for sale. Come to see us.

LEWIS & CO.,
9 GRANITE ROW, Anderson, S. C.
Nov 12, 1873 19

M. LESSER,
No. 3 Granite Row
Anderson, S. C.,
PRESENTS TIMELY NOTICE
That he is instructed to require
Prompt Payment for Fertilizers
Purchased of him, and all such claims
Remaining Overdue,
Shall be given to the proper Officer of Law for Collection!
HE ALSO NOTIFIES
Those indebted to him for SUPPLIES ADVANCED, that he expects like PROMT PAYMENT from them.
HE FURTHER NOTIFIES
THE WORLD AT LARGE
That his Stock of
MERCHANDIZE
is VARIED and COMPLETE, and that he has never
BEEN MORE READY TO SELL
AT
MODERATE PRICES.
Oct 16, 1873 15

J. B. CLARK & SON.
Merchant Tailors,
N. E. Corner Masonic Building.
WE would respectfully call the attention of our friends and the public generally, to our complete and varied Stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS, which has been selected with especial care for this market by one of the firm, who has just returned from the city of New York. Their stock consists, in part, of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, BEAVER CLOTHS, TRIMMINGS and Gentlemen's FURNISHING GOODS.
The Tailoring Department is under the special care of the senior partner, who flatters himself to be able to give perfect satisfaction in style and fit. We expect to sell our goods at a small profit, and hope to share liberally of the public patronage.
J. B. CLARK & SON.
Sept 25, 1873 12

J. R. SMITH & SON,
HAVE RECEIVED THEIR STOCK OF
FALL & WINTER GOODS,
CONSISTING OF
Broadcloths, Cassimeres,
Vestings, Mens' Half Hose,
Fancy Cravats & Bows, Handkerchiefs,
And all Goods found in a First
Class Goods' Furnishing
Store.
Call in early and give us a trial.
Tailoring Establishment.
We still have in connection with our Store a Tailoring Department, conducted by the senior member, who will be pleased to serve his old friends, and guarantee satisfaction in style, fit and prices.
READ THIS, SURE!!
To those whom we have indulged so long, we would most respectfully ask them to come forward this Fall and lend us a helping hand, as we are obliged to have money to carry on our business. As money don't grow on trees up this way, we are compelled to give our true friends this reminder, and hope they may heed and act.
J. R. SMITH & SON.
Oct 2, 1873 13

Notice of Dissolution.
THE firm of C. A. REED & CO. is this day dissolved by the withdrawal of Mr. W. H. Cater. The business will in the future be conducted by C. A. Reed, and all persons indebted to the late firm will come forward at once and make payment to him, as the accounts must be settled up.
Thinking the public for its liberal patronage in the past, I would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Great bargains in the Ladies' Dress Goods line can be had for the next ten days for cash.
C. A. REED.
Nov 26, 1873 22 3

BARR, WATSON & CO.,

No. 10 Granite Row,
HAVE JUST RECEIVED A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK OF
FALL & WINTER GOODS,
EMBRACING
Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
Groceries, of every kind;
Hardware, a large stock;
Crockery,
Bagging and Ties,
Ready Made Clothing, fine assortment,
Saddles and Bridles, a full line,
And everything in General Merchandise ever kept in Anderson, all of which we promise to sell LOW FOR CASH or to prompt paying customers.
Always in the Cotton Market,
And will pay the highest market prices for all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.
We are agents for the EXCELLENZA FERTILIZER, which has given universal satisfaction among our customers who have used it this season. A supply kept constantly on hand.
BARR, WATSON & CO.
P. S.
Those indebted to the old firm of W. F. BARR & CO. are reminded that it is necessary to close the business of it without further delay. Now is the time to pay your debts, as we need money.
B. W. & CO.
Oct 9, 1873 14 3m

NEW FIRM.
NEW BUSINESS!
For ANDERSON, though she has long since merited it—yes, more.
THE undersigned have this day entered into partnership in the name of WATSON & SON, for the express purpose of conducting a General Commission Business.
We tender our sincere thanks to our friends and a generous public for liberal patronage the past seven years, and we do hope to act in such a way, in this our new business, as to merit a continuance of the same.
Liberal advancements made on everything consigned us on sale.
Office with Lewis & Co., No. 9 Granite Row, Anderson, S. C.
JOHN B. WATSON,
L. REED WATSON.
March 4, 1873 35

HENRY BISCHOFF & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers,
AND DEALERS IN
CAROLINA RICE,
Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco,
&c., &c., &c.,
197 and 199 East Bay Street,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Sole Agents for South Carolina for the Sale of
OLD VALLEY WHISKEY.
August 28, 1873 8 1y

MARK W. JOHNSON,
DEALER IN
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
MACHINERY, SEEDS, &C.
OFFERS to the Farmers of Upper South Carolina, Annual Crimson and Red Clover. Also, an immense stock of all the valuable Grasses, such as White, Saplin, Alsike and Mammoth Clover; Lucerne, Tall Meadow Oat Grass; Orchard, Timothy, Red Top or Herd's, Blue Grass; Mixed Lawn Grass; Ryegrass. Also, Choice Seed Wheat, Oats, Rye and Barley. Agricultural Implements, Machinery, &c., in endless variety. Send for catalogue and price list.
MARK W. JOHNSON,
P. O. Box 230, Atlanta, Ga.
Sept 25, 1873 12 3m

Dr. January and Cancer!
THE celebrity of the JANUARY INFIRMARY, established in Murfreesboro, Tenn., in 1848, associated the above name with the treatment of Cancer until they became synonymous, both passed away with the war. But great discoveries, like truths, live forever. Dr. J. O. JANUARY, inheriting his father's talents, and improving on his experience, has achieved a success in advance of their former history, owing to his increased patronage he has permanently located in St. Louis; the numerous letters he is receiving, and large arrival of patients, justify his move to this central point. We would advise all afflicted with Cancer, Scrofula, Fistula, Piles, &c., to apply to him, as he possesses perfect control of those diseases, without pain or the knife. Address, JANUARY & MADISON, 77 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.
July 10, 1873 1 1y

M. GOLDSMITH. P. REED
GOLDSMITH & KIND,
FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS,
(PISTON IRON WORKS.)
COLUMBIA, S. C.
MANUFACTURERS of Steam Engines, of all sizes; Horse Powers, Circular and Muley Saw Mills, Flour Mills, Grist and Sugar Cane Mills, Ornamental House and Store Fronts, Cast Iron Railings of every sort, including graveyards, residences, &c. Agricultural Implements, Brass and Iron Castings of all kinds made to order on short notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Also, manufacturers of Cotton Presses, &c.
May 18, 1871 46 7

COOKING and Heating Stoves
at Retail. Pictures of each, with full descriptions, as well as prices and lists of furniture for Cook Stoves, will be promptly sent on application.
WILLIAM SHEPHERD & CO.,
Charleston, S. C.
Sept 4, 1873 9 6m

White & Featherston,
DEALERS IN MARBLE,
HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND A GOOD Assortment of
TOMB STONES,
And are prepared at all times to make them to order in the
BEST OF STYLE.
MARBLE YARD UNDER TOLLY'S FURNITURE STORE,
Anderson, S. C.
August 14, 1873 6

Dr. W. G. Browne,
DENTIST,
Anderson C. H., S. C.
Sept 25, 1873 12

DOORS.
G. F. TOLLY,
Agent, Anderson, S. C.
The Largest Hardware and Supply Warehouse,
Brackets, Nails, Rail, Balusters, Wire Goods,
Slate and Marble Mantels, Floor and Drain
Pipes, White Pine, Walnut, Elm, Lumber,
Cabinet Makers Fine Woodwork,
All Work Warranted.
LOWEST PRICES.
Send for Price List.
L. H. HALL & CO.,
Manufacturers & Dealers,
2, 4, 6, 8, 10, Market Street,
225, 227, East Bay Street,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

This Cut entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by L. H. HALL & CO., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.
June 26, 1873 51 1y

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Sept 25, 1873 12 3m

Dr. January and Cancer!
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